

## The Bushman

Today as I stepped from the warm  
High walls of the bank  
Where nobody has spit in years,  
After the second it took my ears  
To pick up the silence of the street,  
And my eye to hold the slant of the sun  
Caught in the windows above,  
An old bushman came to me, grinning,  
And put his arm around me —  
Old friend, he said —  
He began to speak to me of the days  
When he was young —  
His words rose and fell like a wind,  
And the clicks and snaps in his throat  
Were comfortable as the court house steps.  
He stopped and offered me a lizard.  
— To eat uncooked I guessed —  
There was too much wind for a fire.  
Besides, a policeman would have stopped us.  
Ah, I could have grown two stories tall  
And, like Gargantua, stalked  
Through the park, snapping off trees  
With my feet and knees  
And not made such music as that old man.  
He said he must leave, and he turned away,  
Passing out of sight with the wind,  
Thin as a bone.  
I ran from the street in panic,  
Catching my coat in the revolving door.  
With great acid tears lying in my eyes,  
I sat down on the marble floor,  
Tearing the legs from my lizard.

— Charles Wyatt

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The Lynx Award for Wormwood:14 has been awarded  
to William J. Margolis for his poem, "Even."